Is practiſe, onely giue me my ſeruant foorth;
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo; if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere.
I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde,
Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her Confine,
You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe?

Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſary, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt backe vpon me, ſtroke me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratefull top,
Strike her young bones, you taking aires with lamneſſe.

Duke. Fie, fie ſir.

Lear. You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eies, infect her beauty,
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood———

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tender hefted nature ſhall not giue thee ore
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do comfort & not burn
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in; thou better knoweſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good ſir to the purpoſe.

Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes?

Duke. What trumpets that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't my ſiſters, this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride